Latin Quarter for New York; War Driving Artists Here

Jonas Lie Predicts New Tendencies in American Art Through Return of Expatriated Painters

SOME thousands of American art students were at work in Paris, Rome, Munich and other European art centres when the great war broke out. Now almost all of them are back again in their own country.

Because of their return to their native land the war in Europe may have a marked effect on American painting. Of even keener interest to the general public, to those who know and cherish their New York, is the prospect that there will grow up here, on the island of Manhattan, a Latin quarter distinctive in itself, living its own life to a large extent, but having an individual atmosphere differing from that of the Paris Latin quarter.

True, there has been no organized movement yet to develop a Latin quarter, and even if there should be such an attempt it probably would fail, for a real Latin quarter must be born, not made; born, that is, of circumstances, conditions, the natural grouping together of kindred spirits, and developed through a process of natural evolution. Like Topsy your colony of real artists and art students grows into being without thinking or reasoning about the whys and wherefores. Thus far the returned students are largely scattered over the city—having due regard, that is, for a few special neighborhoods such as Washington Square and Macdougal Alley, Gramercy Park and some centres further uptown, the Sixty-seventh street studio buildings, for instance. Little by little the young painter folk may unconsciously gravitate toward one or another locality, and it is not impossible that in future New York yet may have its own particular Latin quarter.

Jonas Lie was speaking of this matter the other day in his Fifty-fifth street studio, and of other things in connection with the return of the native—that is, the native art student who has been away and whom the war has driven home again.

"I think," he said, "that a good many of them are just beginning to realize that they are back here in America, probably to stay. One indication of the numbers who have returned was seen in the Academy exhibition just ended, where at least one-third more of paintings and sculptures by Americans were admitted than has been usual. I do not think that the quality of the work varied very much from that seen in recent years, but I was struck by the increased number of American exhibitors.

"Yes, one runs into returned artists and students all over town. MacMonnies is here now, although I am not sure how long he will stay. And I imagine that a good many of the younger men have had somewhat the same experience as Truman Fassett of Elmira, who had to come back because of war conditions, although I understand that a considerable part of his Paris studio expenses run right along. Fassett naturally feels disappointed at having to cut short the work he was engaged on and leave Paris, but I feel that he is just as well off, because the work a man does in art does not depend on the country he lives in; it depends on the man himself. And in this aspect my feeling regarding Fassett applies to the average young man or young woman who has had to come back here from Europe.

"There are certain inherited traditions, for example, that in are make America for Americans, as France for Frenchmen. In many an instance this inheritance of tradition has come down through generations; it is a spirit native to the land, to the soil, to the city streets, to the very atmosphere Americans breathe. And in my belief it is a very precious heritage to preserve in art, which should be distinctive, not imitative of the art of other lands.

"For art does not depend on geographical lines, but grows out of contact with the spirit. I do not mean that artists should not travel and study abroad, gaining in knowledge and breadth of vision as a whole. Yet the fact remains that in this country we have established schools so much stronger than were the schools of twenty-five years ago that to-day our students do not need the French schools as they formerly did.

"One effect this war will have on American painters, I hope, will be that in sending home the men who were living abroad before the war broke out we may in time establish a more liberal school, not only so far as art itself is concerned, but also in the understanding and appreciation of the public. The greatest sin in America today is that of conventionality.

"Painters, sculptors, poets, composers for some reason seem afraid to be themselves, to strike out on original, untried lines. They hesitate to do this or that of their own volition. And one consequence is that we are still imitative.

"The mass of our people are just beginning to realize that art is not a means of reproduction of the natural object, but that it is a form of expression seen through the individuality of the painter. This applies decidedly to literature and also to music, but in music we're more ready to accept it.

"In painting we are not willing to accept a picture that is beautiful in itself. The public, with the exception of 'the elect,' want something, as a rule, that it can fully grasp, fully understand, and upon which it therefore thinks itself competent to pass final estimate as to art values. The well known Turner story comes to mind; his answer to a woman who exclaimed, 'I never saw a sunset like that.' And Turner instantly replied, 'No—don't you wish you could!'

"One of the things I hopefully look for in the enforced return of the students is that, by breaking away from the methods and traditions of Europe, they will develop their own personalities as artists and drink so deep of the spiritual life of America, past and present, that it will be reflected in their work. Yes, in art America belongs to Americans; and as a general thing American artists, born and bred here, cannot be at their best in a foreign land for an indefinite period.

"It is not the outer aspect of life that makes the difference so much as the real and inner conditions, away down deep in a man's soul. To us, for example, the music of Chinese is simply a distressing jangle that means nothing but noise. And I dare say that to the average intelligent Chinese our own music, or the music of Europe, is equally distressing and meaningless.

"In many respects then I think it a beneficent thing for the art students to have come back, to have come into their own again, if it may be so phrased. How many of them are here now it is impossible to estimate, but doubtless the number runs up into the thousands. Practically every class of the art schools in New York is full, and recognized painters who accept private pupils are overrun with applicants. Henri's class, for instance, has a waiting list of more than twenty-five, both men and women, I am told."

As he talked for THE SUNDAY SUN Mr. Lie was working over a panel that lay on the floor of his studio, a scene of Viking ships at sea, part of a frieze he is painting for a Viking room in a private residence of a New York family. When he reached this point in the interview he straightened up from his panel and sat down in a deep chair by the fireplace.

"One of the disadvantages to a student, of having to come back here," he went on in answer to a question, "is that in this country he does not see as great a variety of art—so many forms of expression—as he can see abroad, but large quantities of pictures have been coming over here during the past months, and when exhibited they will, in a measure, counteract this disadvantage.

"As to opportunities for leading an artist's life, a good many things may be said. Of course there is value, great value to the younger students, in associating with kindred minds doing kindred work; in associating with other young painters, talking with them, criticising their efforts and having them criticise your own. All this tends to increase inspiration, to keep alive the fires of ambition.

"But I doubt whether New York will see its own distinctive Latin Quarter for a long time to come—if ever. In Paris the Americans, for the most part, used to gather in former years where they could live cheaply, have the conveniences they needed, and where they could be with others of their own land in a foreign city. All this helped greatly to establish an American colony in the Latin Quarter.

"But here in New York practically all one's friends speak English and are scattered throughout the town and its suburbs. Furthermore, the city itself is so enormous in territorial extent, there are so many places to choose from as residences, and tastes vary so widely, that, in my opinion, there is not much chance of having a definite New York Latin Quarter developed.

"This does not mean, let me add, that the established neighborhood groupings may not increase in number and in population. The Gramercy Park group is spoken of as including such men as Henri, Bellows, Chase, Sterner and Luis Mora. Very likely others, until recently living abroad, may elect to reside in the Gramercy Park district; and still others, students as well as recognized painters, may swell the number of those already living in this neighborhood or that where studios may be rented.

"The city I live in begins on the south at Thirty-fourth street and ends at Fifty-ninth street on the north. It runs from Fourth to Seventh avenue—a concentrated little town all by itself filled to overflowing with individual characteristics which stand out distinctly in every direction. It is only one of innumerable little towns to be found throughout the entire city.

"Does a man wish to make studies of Syrian life, or Chinese, Turkish, Italian, Jewish or other? It is not needful for him to go abroad. He will find such life right here in Manhattan Island—in this wonderful kaleidoscopic, cosmopolitan grouping of a hundred little cities into one enormous city. New York is so vast, so overwhelming, that one can spend a lifetime here and not begin to exhaust its possibilities.

"This brings to mind the fact that I have lived and worked in New York for some twenty-five years, and never saw the City College until last Sunday. I know downtown and midtown and the harbor scenes, of course, but 137th street was a stranger to me until a few days ago. And you may imagine my delight at first sight of that stately grouping of splendid buildings, tied together with the band of masonry.

"Yes, by wandering around Manhattan Island the man with an artist's eye may visit all the countries of the world. The returned students need never fear a lack of opportunity to do good work here if they really wish to do it.

"As to the effect of the European war on American art, the effect in a broader sense than the merely superficial, it is difficult to predict excepting from a point of general survey. I feel that the war itself is the result of a time spirit, if we may so express it.

"The spirit of revolution, beginning years ago with a spreading unrest felt rather than seen and analyzed, has worked its way through everything, into every form of life. We see its radical results in cubism, post-impressionism, futurism. In music Schoenberg of Vienna and Stravinsky of Russia exhibit this same revolutionary uprising from accepted standards. The fad of the extreme modern dance, at its height a couple of years ago, is, to my mind, but another indication of this revolutionary spirit, this wave of emotion carrying away thousands of otherwise level headed men and women who formerly did not go to extremes in anything—a little decadent spirit, if you please, creeping in through all of the arts. I feel it in the Russian ballet.

"So what I mean is that the war had to come, not because of political reasons or commercial, but because of a revolutionary time spirit that had spread its way throughout the world and into so many phases of life that the final explosion was literally inevitable.

"Using this theory as a basis, let us see, if we can, what are likely to be some of the results of the war in art itself—in painting, for instance. There is bound to be a reaction from extravagance seen during recent years and deeply regretted by those who truly cherish art that is real and abiding. While the pendulum will swing back it will not necessarily go back to the academic.

"The materialistic age, out of which grew all this revolutionary outburst, will not be felt as strongly in future as during the past decade or so. Mankind again has got down to the most elemental things we know—the struggle for actual life of man against man. It is grim, terrible reality, this struggle for life which a large part of the world is now experiencing.

"And there will be much more depth after the war is over, much more depth to life and to art. And art will have much more meaning to the people. They will appreciate and demand the painting of pictures not merely pretty, but pictures that mean life as well as beauty. In a word, I feel that when the carnage is over and peace has come once more we are going to have a greater sense of appreciation of things innately beautiful, and that the artists, American as well as other, are going to treat their subjects less superficially.

"By this I do not mean that we are going to paint the horrors of war, but that the public as well as the painters will grow in depth of understanding of life itself in its myriad forms, and that both painter and public will take a much more serious view of art than in the recent past. We have got to realize that efficiency isn't the real thing after all.

"As far as efficiency is concerned—efficiency in a good many directions—we may even take a step backward. Of course I do not wish to moralize in this matter, for the note of protest against mere efficiency has been sounded over and over again in recent years by men both wise and of commanding position. But I am optimist enough to believe that all of us, painters as well as workers in a thousand other fields, now begin to see that man is something more than a machine; that his success in life does not depend upon the quantity so much as upon the quality of the product he turns out, whether it be art or anything else.

"That this return to the real values of life will be felt by American art students I haven't the slightest doubt. They cannot help it, and their work in future will reflect it to greater or less degree, this depending on the depth of the individual man or woman. Some day the war will be over; some day the world will gasp, and give thanks for peace—and on that day there will be a throwing away of much that is false and superficial and pretty in art, and in its place will come pictures of real worth from painters who will dare to be original and faithful to their art."

The man who thus expressed his belief in the future of painting and who sees so many opportunities here in New York for the returned students has painted many canvases picturing life in the harbor and along the riverfronts, as well as others of familiar scenes throughout the city itself. He was born in Norway, his mother having been a New Englander.

After the death of both parents he lived and studied as a boy with an uncle in Paris. When still a mere lad, however, he came to this country to live with his mother's family; and since then he has spent his time in the United States, excepting for one or two brief visits abroad.

Jonas Lie.

"Contrasts," from the painting by Jonas Lie.

New View of R. L. Stevenson in Dr. Trudeau's Memoirs

Pioneer in Open Air Tuberculosis Treatment Writes Charmingly on His Distinguished Patient

IT is a curious, striking picture that Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau presents of Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Autobiography," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co. The book itself is a moving story of courage and sorrow, told in the simplest manner, full of human appeal. The picture of Stevenson has these same traits and something more.

It is especially valuable and interesting because it was evidently drawn by a man who could contemplate his subject from a detached point of view. It is plain that the physician did not wholly approve of the romanticist—indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, the two men were so different. But they could esteem each other's good qualities, and Dr. Trudeau records his regret that he did not make more of his "opportunities of intimate contact with a man whose writings have meant so much to the world."

Dr. Trudeau writes as follows of Stevenson:

"On October 3, 1887, Robert Louis Stevenson came to Saranac Lake for his health, accompanied by his mother and Lloyd Osbourne, and remained until April 18, 1888. The little village has had perhaps no more illustrious visitor—or at least none in whom the public took a deeper interest—than Robert Louis Stevenson; and Andrew Baker's cottage on the outskirts of the village, where he spent the fall and winter of 1887-88, has become an object of historical interest.

"It was while here that Mr. Stevenson wrote some of his best essays—'Pulvis et Umbra,' 'The Lantern Bearers,' 'A Christmas Sermon' and some portions of 'The Master of Ballantrae.'

"Mr. Stevenson was my patient, but as he was not really ill while here I had comparatively few professional calls to make on him. He was so attractive, however, in conversation that I found myself as it was growing dark very often seated by the big fireplace in the Baker cottage having a good talk with my illustrious patient.

"Mr. Stevenson was very democratic in his ideas, simple in his mode of life, and disliked dress parade entertainments and the restraints and glitter of society etiquette, as the following anecdotes will show. My friends the Coopers, who lived very handsomely in New York, had surrounded themselves with some of their home comforts. They had brought up their old butler from town and some silver, and the sisters tried to make the Saranac Lake atmosphere as much as possible like the New York home life to which the sick brother was accustomed. I remember on one occasion I went to dine there with Mr. Stevenson, and Mrs. Custer, the wife of Gen. Custer, was the only other guest besides my wife.

"When dinner was announced, as we walked through the hall we got a glimpse of the dining room table, which was set as usual with lighted candles and their colored shades, with flowers, glittering glassware and silver. I thought it a very attractive prospect, but Mr. Stevenson, who walked by my side, took my arm and said: 'This sort of thing always gives me stagefright; does it affect you that way?'

"We had a most interesting dinner, as can be imagined. Mrs. Custer and Mr. Stevenson were both well worth listening to. I couldn't help smiling though, when in the course of conversation Stevenson remarked that a certain acquaintance of his was so timid that he thought he would be 'afraid of a mouse.' Mrs. Custer said 'Oh, Mr. Stevenson, I am deadly afraid of a mouse!' Yet Mrs. Custer's experience on the plains had given ample proof that she was afraid of neither Indians nor death!

"All the visitors in Saranac Lake were anxious to meet Stevenson, and I think in order to relieve him of the annoyance of frequent calls Lloyd Osbourne gave out that the great writer would see callers on Saturday afternoons between 4 and 5 o'clock. Our friends the Cooper ladies and Miss Folger joined my wife and me on the first Saturday after this.

"When we knocked at the front door a voice from within called out: 'You cannot come in this way; the wood is up against the door. Go around by the kitchen.' So we all filed in through the kitchen to the little sitting room with the big fireplace, where Mr. Stevenson received us. After awhile Mr. Osbourne asked the ladies if they would have a cup of tea, and as they assented he departed toward the kitchen. Soon he returned with a broad smile on his face: 'I am sorry, but you cannot have any tea, the cook scouts the idea!' And we didn't have any.

"We had a very pleasant call, however, and I remained after the others to have a little professional talk with Mr. Stevenson. The visitors all left but one enthusiastic lady who harassed Stevenson with all sorts of questions; but finally he escorted her to the door and bowed her out. I noticed he shut the door rather forcibly, and then he strode up to me, put his face very near mine, and said with much emphasis, 'Trudeau, it is not the great unwashed whom I dread; it is the great washed!'

"Mr. Stevenson and I had many interesting and at times heated discussions by the fireplace in the sitting room. It was really a great privilege to meet him in this informal way, and even if we didn't always agree the impression of his striking personality, his keen insight into life, his wondrous idealism, his nimble intellect and his inimitable vocabulary in conversation has grown on me more and more as the years roll by.

"It is hardly to be wondered at that we did not agree on many topics, for our interests and our points of view on many subjects were utterly at variance. My life interests were bound up in the study of facts, and in the laboratory I bowed daily to the majesty of fact, wherever it might lead. Mr. Stevenson's view was to ignore or avoid as much as possible unpleasant facts and live in a beautiful, strenuous and ideal world of fancy. He didn't care to go to the sanitarium with me or see the laboratory, because to him these were unpleasant things.

"He evidently felt this, for after he had written 'The Lantern Bearers' I got him one day into the laboratory, from which he escaped at the first opportunity with the words, 'Trudeau, your light may be very bright to you, but to me it smells of oil like the devil!' On the other hand, I know quite well I could not discuss intelligently with him the things he lived among and the masterly work he produced because I was incompetent to appreciate to the full the wonderful situations his brilliant mind evolved and the high literary merit of the works in which he described the flights of his great genius.

"To a temperament like Stevenson's, who shrank from the cruel and inexorable facts of life—disease, suffering and death—which were part of my daily existence, and who lived in an ideal world painted and peopled by his own vivid imagination, I represented, I am afraid, a not very cheerful or inspiring companion. He could not, as I could, look over and beyond these painful associations with which I lived in daily contact at the sanitarium and the laboratory and see, as I did in my ideals, the glorious hope of future relief to humanity from sickness, suffering and death which lay in the study of disease at the bedside and of infection and germs in sick animals in the laboratory. This was the light which was so bright to me that I never noticed the smell of oil which overcame Stevenson.

"Nevertheless we were excellent friends, and I regret constantly that I didn't make more of my opportunities of intimate contact with a man whose writings have meant so much to the world.

"When he left Saranac Lake he sent me a beautiful set of his works which he had had bound with a special binding for me, and in each book he had written in his own hand a verse dedicating the volume to some member of my family and to me and even to my dog Nig.

"In 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' he had written:

"Trudeau was all the winter at my side,
I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde.

"To Mrs. Trudeau he had dedicated 'The Dynamiter' in these words:

"As both my wife and I composed the thing,
Let's place it under Mrs. Trudeau's wing.

"To my daughter, 'Virginibus Puerisque' in these words:

"I have no art to please a lady's mind
Here's the least acid [illegible]
Miss Trudeau, of the lot
If you'd just try this volume [illegible] kind!

"To Ned, 'Treasure Island' in these words:

"I could not choose a pattern for each one;
But this, perhaps, is chiefly for you, son.

"To the baby (Francis) 'A Child's Garden of Verse' in these words:

"To win your lady [illegible]
Let's couple this one with [illegible]
Baby!

"And to Nig, 'Memories and Portraits' in these words:

"Greeting to all your [illegible]
and big,
In this one instance [illegible]
—Nig.'

"This invaluable gift [illegible] destroyed when my house [illegible] tory were burned to the ground in 1893."

"From the Brooklyn Bridge," one of Mr. Lie's much praised works.

VISITS WITH CAMERA--SHY MANHATTANESE

HE lives down in the very heart of the Bowery, in a dingy little room on the second floor of the All Night Mission, 8 Bowery, just around the corner from busy Chatham Square and dreamy Chinatown. His name would be found under the early Cs if a "Who's Who" of the Great Gray Way were ever published. John Carroll, well past the half century mark, has led a fairly active life, despite the fact that fourteen years of his existence have been spent behind prison bars.

Any evening of the week will find him conducting services at the headquarters of the mission, exhorting a roomful of sleepy eyed, hungry, discouraged down and outers to cheer up and receive comfort from the teachings of religion. There is the light of an enthusiast on his ruddy, good natured, keen eyed face.

The human hulks, huddled like a flock of black sheep on the benches in the dimly lighted bare room—ten feet from the gutter—forget for a moment they are several meals behind their appetites. They forget the mad, racing thoughts of what might have been that have turned the hair of most of them to a premature gray. They forget the hours of despair they have spent walking the streets of a cold, cruel city, looking for nothing, hoping for nothing, expecting nothing—and getting nothing.

They feel the fire of the message that John Carroll is trying to deliver, for they know that he has himself tasted the bitterness of the dregs of disappointment. Carroll has been through the mill. They know it.

If Carroll happens to be out when a curious, respectable citizen, on slumming bent, peers cautiously into the mission and gazes in amazement past the big wooden water barrel—the only water barrel along the Bowery with an all night license—it is safe to say that the missionary in charge and secretary of the All Night Mission will shortly appear, accompanied by some human derelict in distress he has just picked up along the dark streets in the vicinity of Chatham Square. Perhaps a policeman was about to arrest him when Carroll appeared and begged to be allowed to see that the man had a chance to make a new beginning. There are a thousand perhapses!

Carroll absolutely refuses to pose for a photograph. He is about the most camera shy notable along the tamed Bowery.

"There is no such animal as a bad boy. I ought to know," says Miss M. I. Leonard with conviction in her well modulated voice.

Her clear eyes are turned in the direction of the bars in the broad windows of her snug, clean, comfortable office as she watches a crowd of youths made in America snowball a passing banana merchant. The exciting scene is being enacted in Twenty-first street, between Second and Third avenues. The street vender is a very poor dodger. Miss Leonard smiles faintly and the corners of her firm mouth relax for an instant.

Miss Leonard is the principal of the New York Truant School, and fourteen years experience with boys who shun the main entrances of public schools has taught her there are lots of jobs worse than having the welfare of fifty boys constantly on one's mind.

Kindness? It flashes right from her clear, straight gazing eyes. One intuitively feels that this quality is the dominating influence in the woman's character as she sits in her office watching the snowball melee in the street outside. One feels this quality as she sternly informs a distracted, tearful eyed woman that a ten-year-old son, recently committed by a city magistrate in a children's court for "going on the hook," will not be released on parole until he has shown a marked improvement in his general deportment and displayed a faint taste for text books.

By the shades of arithmetic and attendance it is a big contract to take four or five hundred boys of the get in trouble keep away from school age each year and so frame their characters that they go out into the world after a term at the New York Truant School, with pictures of Phi Beta Kappa keys surging through their youthful minds.

Miss Leonard admits, with just a little trace of pride in her voice, that several of her alumni have been graduated from colleges and returned to her, proudly displaying sheepskins they have won by the sweat of their brow. Most of them turn out to be just honest hard working American husbands. A few—well, the least said about them the better. Even a truant school has a black sheep every now and then.

It is much harder to snap a photograph of Miss Leonard than to make a clever escape from the school. Escapes have been recorded, but a picture of the woman truant school principal never.

John Brundish, the famous 47-year old English dwarf, globe trotter extraordinary, suddenly became camera shy after his wife died of pneumonia in a Fourteenth street hotel situated near Irving place. This tragic event in the life of Brundish occurred more than three years ago.

In the heyday of his success as one of P. T. Barnum's pet show babies Brundish was able to jump in front of the camera with a nonchalant air quicker than most modest prima donnas or bashful leading juveniles of that period. That was two decades ago.

Before that his thirty-five inches of manly beauty was a familiar figure to all Londoners. As he made his first Portland to Portland trip with "the greatest show on earth" his fame grew rapidly in America under the gentle fanning of several clever, wide awake press agents.

The circus society world was greatly excited one morning when a gossipy aerial performer spread the news in the dining tent that Brundish was in love at last. A month later the English dwarf became a benedict. His bride was Alice, a famous circus dwarf queen, who played opposite Brundish during the circus parade. She was one-sixteenth of an inch smaller than her spouse, but Brundish was of a generous nature and forgave her.

A few years later the storm clouds broke about the life of Mr. and Mrs. Brundish. Conditions in the circus business were bad. Barnum died. The world grew weary of watching little Mrs. Brundish lead the docile elephants into the main ring.

The little couple severed their connections with the circus world. Brundish became a familiar figure in the manicure, movie, painless dentistry zone near Sixth avenue, carrying a big gaudy colored placard for a nickel moving picture theatre or exploiting a lunch room about to open with a message of cheer to hungry, ill nourished shoppers to come in and get a real meal for 25 cents. The affairs of the Brundish family were travelling along smoothly when Mrs. Brundish was stricken with her fatal illness.

To-day, to-morrow, a week from today, Brundish will be found down on Fourteenth street. Ensconced on a soapbox on the curb in front of a lobster palace, he gazes thoughtfully toward Broadway, several hundred yards to the west, while the sign he is holding skyward sways gently to and fro.

A scarlet reproduction of that aristocratic denizen of the ocean bottom, the lobster, looks down on Brundish as he sits there from morning until night. Once and a while the English dwarf glares up at the animal on the placard and scowls. Probably he is thinking that he was a lobster to leave the elephants and royalty of merry England for the home of the free and the brave and giant advertising schemes. Who knows? For Brundish is a very taciturn individual as he approaches the half century limit and silently bewails his fate on Fourteenth street, across the road from Tammany Hall.

He growls that the dwarf business is oversupplied during the present generation with a very inferior brand of dwarf, male and female. Then he looks sadly across at the little hotel near Irving place, where a dwarf queen of the good old days died suddenly three years ago.

A photographer snapping a good picture of Brundish as he sits alone on the curb would be lucky. Brundish is now as camera shy as a masked marvel.

Part of the time Mr. Upjohn lives in a fashionable bachelor apartment on East Eleventh street near Fifth avenue. His full name, Dudley Tyng Upjohn, will be found on page 672 of the latest edition of the "Social Register." His grandfather was rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, Stuyvesant Square.

It may be the desire to help the unfortunate comes from this ancestor. It is certain that Dudley Tyng Upjohn is interested in a great work at the present time. He is really the man behind the bum at the All Night Mission at 8 Bowery, where he is assisted in uplifting the Bowery derelicts by John Carroll.

Far from fashionable Fifth avenue, in a part of New York where the "Social Register" is seldom spoken of even in jest, is the business office of Mr. Upjohn, society man and slum worker. A queer combination? Perhaps. Five years ago Mr. Upjohn became interested in the problem of the man with an appetite and no way to appease it. He and Carroll started the mission that is rapidly becoming known all over the country for the excellence of the coffee served after prayers.

Mr. Upjohn will be found every Saturday night down at the mission, and it is an even question who is the more interesting of the two men in charge. The casual caller leaves the place in a quandary. Carroll coming up from the lowest depths and Mr. Upjohn coming from the very heights meet on common ground at the mission on a common errand. They are business partners in every sense and John Carroll swears by his leader and his leader swears by John. It is one of the most interesting and successful business combinations in a line where there is very little competition.

Mr. Upjohn is about as camera shy as any one in New York. He will talk about his work and the moral uplift until the coffee gets cold and the water barrel needs refilling and the sleeping men on the wooden benches show slight signs of coming to life and starting once again into the cold, cheerless street. But a picture! Never, never, never! Publicity is taboo in the uplift movement according to Dudley Tyng Upjohn.

The Belgian Consulate for New York city is located in the front office of H. W. T. Mali & Co., woollen merchants, on the tenth floor of the office building at 25 Madison avenue. Pierre Mali, Belgian Consul for the largest city in America, is a hustler with an American sense of humor, the smile of a David Harum and a touch of slang of the Rose Stahl brand.

War has made Pierre Mali camera shy. He admits it when pressed to part with a portrait of himself.

Some time, judging from the hopeful look in the big smiling face of well built, well groomed Mr. Mali, he will be perfectly willing to pose for a photograph and have his picture appear in every periodical in the land. Some time—the hope still glows on his face—he will send his picture. But not until peace has been declared.